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\$1 A VOLUME.

POLYHYMNIA.

The poet, the speaker, he expands with joy;
The palpitating angel in his flesh
Thrills only with consenting fellowship
To those innumerable spirits who sun themselves
Outside of time.—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

The Return from Spirit Land.

[A Tale of Eternity and other Poems, by Gerald Massey.
Fields, Osgood & Co.]

At times I seemed to waken to a calf,
And rose up, listening for the next footfall
Which never came; as though it could not keep
The step with that my spirit caught in sleep;
For I, in waking must have crossed the line
Bounding the range of spirit life from mine.

Sometimes I woke with lashes wet and bright,
With a strange glory of delicious light,
As though an Angel shone my shut eyes through,
And filled my soul with heaven, as dawn the dew;
A fragrance from afar with me would stay,
And at my work my heart sang all the day.

The scheme of things with all the sights you see,
Are only pictures of the things that be.
What you call matter, is but as the sheath
Shaped ever as bubbles are by spirit-breath.
The mountains are but firmest clouds of earth,
Still changing to the breath that gave them birth.
Spirit aye shapeth matter into view,
As music wears the form it passes through.
Spirit is lord of substance, matter's sole
First cause, and forming power, and final goal.

Superstition—Religion.

The age of Fetichism is the age of Superstition. There is no distinction between it and religion at that period. They are equally products of ignorance and fear. In that brutal epoch when god is every thing and man nothing; where the real requirements and objects of life are unknown, the mind prostrate with fear, the wildest fancies of man's relations to God prevail. He is the great chief, the great warrior of the universe. He requires all the petty servility of a tribal tyrant, and is enraged or pleased in a similar manner. Man he created for his own pleasure, and man must bow and be his slave. But he is thrown into darkness, he cannot see the light, nor understand what is wanted. He can only be guided by his experience with his petty rules. In regard to the Infinite, he is in a cave, travelling a morass, mistaking the fantastic will-o'-wisps for the beacon-light of God's laws. He is fearful of enjoying himself, for he may thereby incur the wrath of an offended Deity. He stands on some prob' em for which he fancies a solution, bases his conclusions on such false premises, and wanders world-wide from the truth. Matter and God are in antagonism; man is a fallen being; he has unpardonably offended the Gods; certain sacrifices are demanded as atonement. What a series of dogmas having no foundation in nature, yet reacting with blasting effect.

God is arbitrary in his demands. The choicest furs of the savage chase; the best part of the slain animal; the finest portion of the scant harvest; the best of the spoils of war are demanded of the devotee, who so far as God is concerned or in the recognition of his wishes might as well be blind. Advancing, God demands greater sacrifices. The best of the flocks and herds, a certain portion of the captives made in war, unusually fine instruments of war, the immolation of members of the tribe or family. The despotic tyrant who rules the universe, loves the smoke of reeking altars; his nostrils dilate with the smell of blood; the odor of rare and costly spices is grateful to him. Isaac, the beloved son, is an accepted offering to the bloody Jehovah. Diana in anger demands the daughter of Agamemnon. The watchful care of Terminus must be repaid by a victim.

God will be aroused to sympathy and pity by cruelty inflicted upon ourselves. Lacerating the flesh with thongs, wearing hair-cloth until the bones are exposed by its constant chafing; standing on high pillars exposed to the pitiless elements; a living death in a cloister, cell, or dungeon, plunged in the wilderness; denial of the healthy appetites, endurance of hunger, thirst, cold and heat, rejoices the heart of the relentless Deity.

This is the nightmare of religion. Nor has the age awakened out of the horrid dream. Ignorance is yet the master, and fear narcotizes mankind. Terrible dream! Hell yawning beneath our feet, devils innumerable, with infinite power, and a heartless despot, absolute in his egotism, overriding all!

Mankind have not awoken, except to gaze as in twilight, between sleeping and waking. Fetichism maintains its hold, and superstition, like rag-weeds, rank and foul, occupies the garden of the soul!

The old Satan of Oriental The gomy has a supreme place. Hell is still heated with burning sulphur; the Infinite Father is yet a God of Battles; man is a worm created for his iron feet to crush, or to hand over by the million to eternal torment. A priesthood despotically organized keeps the saddle, and guides humanity with gag and spur. They demand observance of sacred days, have their sacred books, and prayers which are not to be omitted. God is not pleased that we place our children on altars and thrust the knife into their bosoms; he does not now desire our enemy's blood, or the flesh of our flocks, or the first of our harvest, but he demands the sacrifice of our pleasures, he wants us to weep and wail, and crucify our spirits. He loves to have us sacrifice the appetites he has given us, the emotions of love and affection. He is pleased to have us cast reason aside for a blind and unthinking faith, and receive the words of his priests as the ultimate of knowledge without questioning.

The Indian loves tobacco, and he thinks the Great Spirit does also. The choicest bundle of leaves is placed on his altar. The priest hates reason and knowledge, he thinks his God must hate them too, and demands the civilized man to lay his reason on the altar of his conjuration. No! Fetichism has not passed so long as Christian Churches in their most sacred communion imitate the Cannibal in their worship. He sacrifices the captive seized in war, and afterwards sits down to a horrid repast with his comrades, they meet and in "love feast," break and eat the body, and drink the blood of a crucified God!

"Oh," you say, "it is only as a spiritual type!" Do you forget that the great Church of Christianity holds unflinchingly that the words of a priest converts the bread and wine into real flesh and blood?

With the addition of hate, superstition becomes fanaticism. Superstition and bigotry go mad. Becoming firmly persuaded that its dogmas are right, and all others wrong, it wages unconditional war of annihilation. Religion propagates itself by the sword. Mohammedanism has been long cited as its type, but it has drawn the sword no more than Christianity.

Monotheism, by its exclusiveness instils this venom into the veins of its believers. Polytheism, although occasionally spasmodically persecuting, knew nothing of this mode of proselytism. If the Christian system is right and true, bigotry is blessed; fanaticism, its intensest form, most praiseworthy; and persecution, proceeding to its direst extent, a blessing to the sufferers. For if believing as the Church believes, is to save us from everlasting tortures of hell-fire, does not the priestly inquisitor, who tears and bruises our flesh, until our hardness of heart be overcome, and we caused to follow his dictates, confer a favor by bestowing on us the ever-

lasting bliss of heaven? Goodness and benevolence of heart wedded to ignorance, has thus been corrupted, and it has been paradoxically but truly said, the better the ignorant man, the more cruel he is as a persecutor.

Christianity is said to be a religion of love, teaching the brotherhood of man and fatherhood of God, and thereby changed the moral character of man. The real influence it has exerted may be read in history. Persecuted at first, it grew strong, and turning, fleshed its fangs in its opponent. Read of the millions of martyrs, bound to racks, burned at the stake, torn by red-hot hooks and pincers, starved, lacerated, buried in thick walls of masonry, suffering living deaths in fo'ld dungeons. Read the narratives of religious wars, most terrible of wars, of massacres, of auto-de-fees. Read of Crusades sacrificing nations of warriors for the childish possession of a vacant sep'chre. Worse than all, view a great and gigantic power, having the control of the mental atmosphere of the world, stifling every new thought, every attempt at advancement; claiming science and philosophy as tributaries, and as freely dictating in their realms, as freely employing the thumbscrew and dungeon on their votaries, as on theetics to its own incomprehensible vagaries.

Christianity has assisted human advancement in the same manner that a brake assists the progress of a locomotive. Its fanaticism forms a page of history unequalled in demoniac cruelty, in foul and malignant venom, in that of any other faith. Professing universal love and peace, it has gone forth, like one of the dreadful genii called into being by Arabian fancy; the Bible in one hand, a dripping sword and chains in the other, while from its black lips it has hoarsely shouted "Believe or be damned!" Men ran wild at the approach of the goblin. Flagellants scattered themselves in armies over Europe. Anchorites perched themselves on towers; hermits sought caves and mountains by thousands; the whole world would turn monk or nun.

It was high carnival. The day was darkened by the smoke of charring human flesh, the night illuminated with the blazing fagot. The plains of Europe were continually strewn with the wreck of armies, bearing aloft the cross, emblem of the only true religion, demanding exterminating warfare over its unintelligible dogmas.

Deep in dungeons, far from the blushing light of day, the pious inquisitor plied his dreadful trade, and holy priests and worshipful saints stood by and smiled when the lightning screws made the heretic writhe, or a moan to fall from his ashen lips. What were these holy men doing? They were at the noblest of all possible employment—they were saving souls! They were compelling rebellious and ever simple human nature to walk in the strait and narrow way prescribed in the Bible and their creed. Alas! too well they plied their holy arts. The groans that ascend from the fields of battle are silenced by the cries from dungeon, scaffold and gibbet, the never-ending wail of despair from widow and orphan, where the minions of the Spectre have busily worked.

With this black record of crimes; with hands red with the blood of earth's bravest sons; with garments purple with clotted gore; and with a history showing that she has fought to the death every advance of the race, cursed every new discovery in science, attempted to suppress every invention whereby the condition of mankind has been ameliorated, always siding with tyranny, aristocracy and slavery, Christianity has the effrontery to raise its voice and claim itself the cause of civilization! The method it has pursued in advancing knowledge is unique. It was by substituting a blind faith in the place of reason—creeds and dogmas in the place of knowledge, miracle in the place of law.

It was by silencing Kepler, burning Giardino Bruno, imprisoning Galileo, opposing its flat earth to the schemes of Columbus, excommunicating the sciences, throwing them out of the schools it carefully controlled. Outside of the Church, despite its influence, with social ostracism and death suspended over them, daring students explored the secrets of nature; in seclusion others pursued philosophy; others in the arena of politics studied national polity. By the concentration of all, the nations were forced onward, dragging this dead weight of creeds and dogmas, which now claims to be the cause of the civilization attained. As well might it be claimed for a millstone suspended to the neck of a strong swimmer, because he sustained himself despite its weight, that it buoyed him up and preserved his life.

In the present, the fangs projecting from those hoary lips, cannot flesh themselves in the heterodox thinker; those talons are dulled, and cannot lacerate, but the will is there all the same. Ignorance of nature, of man, of its fancied God, the brute fear of the savage, hatred of opposing beliefs, begets the same fanatic madless; but outside, learning has thriven, morality waxed strong, and governments upheld by the strong sense of justice knowldge engenders, chains superstition and fanaticism, and compels them to cease their struggle with human rights.

WALNUT GROVE FARM, Feb. 1st. †

Will Power.

BY OLIVER STEVENS.

I have discovered that by the action of thought or will power, I can raise the heat of my system above its natural temperature. I had previously discovered that by concentrating my thoughts upon myself, and keeping them as it were flowing through my whole system for some length of time, it would produce a perspiration and relieve me of a cold.

Sometime in the fore part of July last, I awoke in the night and found that I was uncomfortably cold, caused by a change in the atmosphere. I thought of putting more bedding over me, but it occurred to me to try the experiment of warming myself by operation of thought, as above described. I accordingly put myself upon my back, with my limbs straight, and adopted the plan of causing my thoughts to revolve in a circle, so as to pass through my whole system, from head to feet, at every respiration of my breath. I adopted this plan of action, thinking that it would help to keep my mind upon the object. I avoided making any motion, except from breathing. In the course of twenty or thirty minutes, I was in a free perspiration, and had become uncomfortably warm—so much so that I removed a part of the covering that was over me. Not many nights after, I awoke again in the same cold condition. I tried the experiment again, with the same result.

I came to the conclusion that the change produced must have been at least ten degrees, and I resolved on trying the experiment with a thermometer. I accordingly provided myself with one, and on going to bed a few nights after, I placed it by the side of my body, under my arm; and after lying until I thought it had got as warm as it would get, I looked, and it stood at eighty-five degrees. I replaced it, and after going through the process, as before described, I looked at it again, and it had raised to ninety-five degrees. Upon thinking of it the next day, I thought perhaps it might have raised higher if I had let it remain longer when trying to get the natural temperature. I therefore concluded to try it again, and on going to bed the following night, I placed it at my side as before, thinking of looking at different times, until I was sure it would rise no higher. But instead of looking, I fell asleep; and on waking, I found that I had lain an hour, and the thermometer stood at eighty-five degrees—just where it did on the previous night. I therefore concluded that eighty-five degrees was correct for the natural temperature; and by the process, it raised again just ten degrees. I tried some time to see if I could cause it to rise any higher, but did not succeed.

Not long after making the above mentioned experiments, I awoke one morning and found myself quite feverish. I therefore tried the experiment of operating as I did to produce heat, and in about the same length of time as in the other cases, it produced a perspiration, and the feverishness was gone. Hence, I have come to the conclusion that in fever heat it has a tendency to reduce it. To some persons, it may look inconsistent that the same process should increase heat in one case and reduce it in another. But if we, by understanding the true philosophy of fevers, should discover that they were produced from deep-seated colds, that drive the internal heat of the system to the surface, we could then see that by removing the colds, the surface heat would become reduced, by its returning to its natural internal position.

I have had some anxiety to see what effect I could produce in others than myself, in cases of fever. I have met with but one opportunity, and that was not a very favorable one. My son-in-law was sick with fever, and had a physician attending him regularly, twice a day. I went to see him, and found him in a high fever, that had been upon him for five hours. He had become uneasy, and sent for his physician previous to my arrival. I seated myself upon the side of his bed, and taking him by the hands, said to him, Let me mesmerize you. And when I had caused my thoughts to pass through his system but once, in the manner that I do to produce heat, he withdrew his hands from me, exclaiming, ‘Oh, I can’t stand it! It makes me nervous. I feel something go all through me like electricity.’ And he said that it had started a perspiration. He appeared so excited that I said nothing more about mesmerizing him. The doctor came not long after, and expressed fears of his (the patient) going into the typhus. I had seated myself at the opposite side of the room from where he was lying, and while he and the doctor were in conversation, I was performing mental operations, as well as I could under the circumstances. In order to operate effectively, there should be nothing to divide or draw off the attention. But I think he felt the influence. While I was operating, he said to the doctor that he would like to have a certain physician come and see him—one that had formerly been his family physician, who from some cause had ceased practicing. It was then in the evening, and the doctor said he would send in the morning and have him come if he could.

The doctor looked at the patient’s tongue, and soon after asked to see it again. “Why,” said he, “the coating on your tongue appears loose, as though your fever was broken up.”

I believe the other physician came the next day, and whether it was their operation or mine that broke up his fever, I do not know; but he had one or two slight touches of fever after, and was up in a few days.

(Continued in our next.)

Supernaturalism.

“To some, the chief value of Spiritualism is that it corroborates portions of the Bible. Others regard it as the born child of Christianity. To us it is a new revelation, a new evolution, a new epoch; an era and development unlike its predecessors. It is opposed to them; like a new order of vegetation, it grows upon the destruction and decay of the old state of things.”

“We learn, then, that the claims of the Church to authority in matters pertaining to religion, are without the least foundation. They are not sanctioned by the Gospels, nor authorized by any word or deed of Christ, but everywhere condemned. Nor can it, as an aggregation of individuals, claim authority over any individual who does not consent to such dictation.

“All authority that the Church has is that of brute power. Nothing divinely delegated, but human, and bestowed by might.

“Always the priest must stand between us and God. We must drink the water as it percolates through finite channels, often reeking with corruption.

“All authority thus gained, is that bestowed by the brute strength of numbers.”

EDITORS AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST—

Dear Friends:—When I say to you that it is now nearly half a century since my attention was first called to the subject of Supernaturalism, you will not marvel, perhaps, when you find me sending you a few thoughts,

which have occurred to me on reading the above paragraphs from your paper.

By Supernaturalism, I mean “mediumistic revelations” from another world. All the so-called sacred writings of the Persians, the Jews and Mohammedans, the writings of Swedenborg and A. J. Davis, come under this head of Supernaturalism. And so do all mediumistic messages from the dead. Always and forever, the mediums “stand between me and God”—between me and another world.

The Bible says:—“And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, the Jews should not eat their unwholesome meat, but they should sell it to their neighbors.” Very well! I know “Moses,” the medium. But the speaker, through him, is an *inscrutable invisibility*, which I cannot personally cross-examine. Hence, no such “revelation” can be authenticated. It may be accompanied by the mystic rap, or what is called a “miracle,” but no amount of force or intelligence can demonstrate personal identity.

The “revelator,” therefore, beyond the medium, is an *invisibility*, inhabiting a world of which I know nothing.

Now when you affirm that modern mediumism is a “new revelation,” I admit the novelty of the form, but it is only a new form of Supernaturalism, having one and the same origin as all its “predecessors” have had. The “new” is from the invisible world, similarly as the old forms were.

Hence, it seems to me that you may have, perhaps, put it a little too strong, when you affirm that the “claims of the church to authority are without the least foundation.” The authority claimed for the Bible is based in the faith in its supernal origin. If the authority of the church be “brute force,” then it follows that faith in Supernaturalism is sometimes brute force.

The only difference between the church and modern mediumism is, the latter is faith in the mystic rap, a “miracle” of to-day; while the former is faith in the Bible, which purports to be the history of the mystic rap, which is alleged to have occurred two thousand years ago.

You say, truthfully, that “the priest always stands between us and God,” and I add that a similar remark is true of mediumism; it always stands between us and the other world. And no form of Supernaturalism, new or old, amounts to anything without *faith*! No mediumistic “message,” no “communication,” no “revelation,” has any authority without *faith* in Supernaturalism.

And who does not see that it is *faith* in the mystic rap of to-day, that gives to mediumism its power? Without this *faith*, Supernaturalism in all its forms, both ancient and modern, is powerless, and of no more effect than the meteoric stone, which has impinged upon our earth from a different planet.

Those who have credulity and marvelousness enough to rely more or less upon the mystic rap, or the miraculous, may assign very satisfactory reasons for preferring the new forms of Supernaturalism. We prefer the miracle of to-day, which we ourselves can witness, to the contradictory records of Supernaturalism in past ages. Still, the mystic rap amounts to nothing without *faith*; and to no one faculty of the human mind does Supernaturalism so directly appeal, as to the organs of credulity and hope. And hence, it is easy to see how it has been that witchcraft, and the rankest forms of fanaticism that have ever occurred, were begotten by *faith* in Supernaturalism. While, therefore, we may be hopeful in respect to the future, let us not ignore the instruction which should come to us from the history of the past.

LAROY SUNDERLAND.

Quincy, Mass., Jan. 20, 1870.

HAMILTON’S GREATEST ARGUMENT.—Alexander Hamilton made the greatest argument ever uttered in this country. It was on the law of libel, and by it he stamped upon the mind of this country the principle that in an action for libel, the truth, if uttered without malice, was a justification. Upon the night previous to the argument he wrote out every word of it; then he tore it up. He was by writing fully prepared; it lay very fully in his mind; and not to be cramped and fettered by a precise verbal exactness, he tore it to pieces. Then he spoke and conquered Choate.

The Mormon Problem.

Those who differ either in theory or practice from the majority of their neighbors, whether they differ for better or for worse, need not be astonished if insulted, abused, robbed and murdered. The thief and ruffian class can hardly be restrained from perpetual outrage upon those fully under the protection of law and public opinion; and when with reason or without reason, any person or class is put outside of popular favor and sympathy, they are always ready to take advantage of their isolation and in accordance with their base impulses victimize those they know are helpless and friendless.

This finds illustration now in the needless and dangerous Congressional proposition, to break up by arbitrary and violent measures the families of Mormon citizens, and enforce upon them a social order not their choice, but consonant with the Christian idea of monogamic marriage.

Failing to foment a general exterminative Indian war by which to gain profits, plunder, perquisites and promotion; the unscrupulous organized mob of dishonest speculators, and desperate adventurers, the jackals and hyenas of the great rebellion, seek to provoke a crusade against Utah, and a repetition of the murder and spoliation by which Christian Americans have endeavored to convince the Mormons of their evil ways and errors, both at Nauvoo and in Missouri.

Twice have this strange people been outraged, and driven from home and property, if fortunate enough to escape with life. They fled to the recesses of the distant desert, and there by unwearied labor have created wealth and civilization.

Not belonging to those who accept the Bible as the infallible word of God by plenary inspiration, we are not called upon to justify the Oriental system of Polygamy, which Isaac, Jacob, David and Solomon practiced with divine approval (?) and which is now the avowed social condition of full one half the world, as well as the secret practice of a large part of the remainder.

We most earnestly deplore and deprecate war. The demoralization, the loss of life, the cruel suffering, the hindrance of useful industry, the waste and destruction of property, and the immense expense incident to its existence, inexpressibly shock and distress every thoughtful mind.

The Congressional bill for the suppression of polygamy which originates in the Committee on Territories, incorporates a superfluous clause, authorizing the President to make use of the armies of the United States to enforce its provisions. Every schoolboy has heard that the Executive is sworn to enforce the acts of Congress as the supreme law of the land, and knows that he is *ex officio* commander-in-chief of the army and navy for that very purpose; the consent of Congress can be but a mere matter of form. But in this bill the President is suggested, recommended, advised and given to understand, that it is not alone the abolition and suppression of Mormon society which is desirable, but that to please the reprobates who play upon the popular dislike of their institutions, these pretentious friends of virtue must have the use of an immaculate army to murder Mormons, that they may rob the ruins of homes and cities, and appropriate the land earnest toil has rescued from the desert. Thus with one hand in the public treasury as the servants of the government and the other upon the goods of the "heathen Mormons, these syphilitic patrons of chastity, shoddy-enriched examples of honesty, and "exterminating" friends of humanity, hope to exaggerate their own political importance, and swell the sum of their stealings depleted by their extravagance amid an (to them) unfruitful peace.

We hope these are not the motives directly actuating those who in the Hon. Committee make the provisions of the document, but they are, if honest, stupid and without statesmanship, thus to array the government to enact the role of an oppressor, and plunge the nation again into a civil war. Conceding all that may be said against Polygamy and Polygamists, we should protest against the threat of armed force, and are in favor of granting Mormons the privileges due to them and others in their condition, and assume that they will be found amenable to right reason and ordinary legal pro-

cess, under the broad protection of a liberally interpreted constitution. Then the rush of promiscuous emigration will abolish the predominance of any particular class of sectarians; then all local institutions will be symbols of the popular will and sentiment; free discussion will elicit true statesmanship, and the freedom of the individual be conserved with the completion of order in the commonwealth.

We are not Polygamists, and Mormons are the open and bitter enemies of Spiritualists; but we can see the danger that threatens us; the menace thrust in our face as well as that of every heterodox class or person.

Utah would have been a State long ago but for the sincere devotion of many of its citizens to an obnoxious form of faith. The question of monogamy or polygamy; of orthodoxy or heresy; of Christianity or Atheism; of Spiritualism or Materialism; of Buddhism, Mahomedanism, Fetishism, or any form of religion has nothing to do under this government with the rights and privileges of persons or communities, territories and States upon the Federal Government; all assumption to the contrary is false, all action even though under color of law unconstitutional. States have the right and do regulate marriage, and inasmuch as marriage is considered a religious as well as a civil institution, Congress cannot consistently and morally discriminate in regard to it in the territories.

Once establish the precedent that a community may be debarred from admission to the Union, may be discriminated against and made war upon, to force a change in their institutions, merely because they are obnoxious to the religious sense and social practice of the majority, and you have inaugurated persecution, given a license to spoliation and paved the way to the combination of political and ecclesiastical tyranny. The Mormon question is a stupendous problem for statesmen. A Gordian knot, with political, social and religious fibres and cords woven into it, but in this age, when spiritual powers disentangle the most intricate "rope-tying," it would be pitiable if we could do no better than the Pagan drunkard Alexander, who in irritation and haste redeemed the dullness of his ingenuity by the sharpness of his sword; thus brutally cutting his way out of a dilemma he had not the skill to turn into a glorious triumph by patience and careful management.

Time, consideration, a judicious policy, with forbearing firmness, will leave the course clear for *the spirit of the age*, to solve the problems presented, whichever way we look at the conditions of the Mormon population

In due time all desirable things can be accomplished in this way. Haste is another name for danger, a synonym of violence. Who is to force apart these men and their willing wives? Who to parcel out their thousands of legitimate or illegitimate children? Who provide for their support and maintenance? These Mormons will fight! and if they are the sensual creatures they are represented to be, they will make so much the better soldiers. Fanatics we know they are, and they will resist with Oriental fury European science and American courage and endurance; They can arm more than 50,000 men; they will combine every tribe of unfriendly Indians; they will make every mountain a fortress every forest an ambuscade, every plain a battle-field. Officers will gain disgraceful fame, soldiers find a bloody grave, speculators fatten upon their swindles of the Government. The Far West will be drenched in blood, the Indians extirminated, civilization retarded, and the people of Utah disappear from the earth. The nation will stand before the world a self-convicted matricide, drunk with the lust of carnage, and dabbled with the blood of her own children.

We are conscious that many supervirtuous and puritanical Spiritualists will join in the cry against us because we pen these lines in protest against a measure as untimely, impolitic, unconstitutional and oppressive as the people it is to affect can be immoral, disorderly and licentious. We are ready for all the flippancies of white-livered reformers, for the epithets of fools, and the curses of Christians. We have survived them all before. But let all would-be free thinkers remember that the first blood shed in this proposed Mormon and Indian extermination, is the commencement of a plan conceived in the hell to which orthodox Christians

go in Spirit-life, and elaborated among evangelical churches here to *Christianize this Continent at the point of the bayonet*. Then shall their three-headed God be recognized in the Constitution, "Jesus be acknowledged the rightful ruler of nations," and the Bible put forth as "the only ethical foundation of law and jurisprudence." The big whale of Rome will swallow all the contemptible sprats of Protestantism, and our Spiritualist, Free Religion, Infidel and Atheist friends find cause, under the temporal and Spiritual sway of an infallible Pope to join in a howl of distress, compared to which all their possible yelping at us, because we speak for the lives of men and women we do not justify, will be as the squeak of a titmouse to the trumpeting of an elephant.

§

TO CONDUCTORS AND OTHER FRIENDS OF THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM.

Believing in improvements, and that the time has arrived when a new Lyceum Manual is absolutely needed and demanded by the progressive public, we have ventured, in agreement with the earnest wish of many friends, to arrange a systematic book for our Lyceums, to be entitled "The Lyceum Guide." Whilst we have made no change in the Lyceum system, as such, its outline and construction being the same as projected by its inspired founder, A. J. Davis, we have sought a greater simplicity and variety, and a more educational process in the pleasing art of leading the youth to a natural and happy life. In this respect it is summarily fresh and new. In it is embodied the choicest thought and the sweet virtue of childhood; and withal it is the Spiritual Philosophy with its moral beauties, expressed in language comprehensible to children, yet deep, broad, and equally fascinating to the experienced mind. The Color department is scientific, being arranged by a talented artist of Philadelphia. The Calisthenic department, designed to nurture graceful and healthful motion and carriage to the whole person, is peculiarly beautiful, and is illustrated by significant cuts. The "Golden Chain Recitations" and marches are all of the most inspirational order, containing sentiments couched in rhetorical style that can never grow old, being based upon self-evident principles. The Musical department, blending with the Recitations, is under the editorial supervision of James G. Clark, whose songs are so celebrated and appreciated throughout the country.

Our long and ardently cherished task will soon be offered to the public, under the smiling approval of the angels, who have moved us to action.

Ere we go to press with our work, we respectfully ask the Conductors and other Lyceum friends, to favor us, for publication, with brief statements of their opinions, as guided by their experience and observation, upon important matters here indicated. Such notes will be of incalculable value. To give the undertaking definiteness, we here submit a series of questions, hoping for an immediate answer:

1. In what moral estimate do you reckon the Lyceum system as superior to the Church Sunday School?
2. What facts, or incidents, can you relate, of your Lyceum, demonstrative of such superiority?
3. Has your Lyceum been instrumental in developing the mediumistic powers of the youth?
4. What methods have you found most successful in securing habits of punctuality with the members of your Lyceum?
5. What are the best means of obtaining the co-operation of parents and guardians, and their frequent attendance upon the sessions of the Lyceum?
6. What is your opinion of making our Lyceums more dramatic?
7. What are the best methods of securing finances for the support of the Lyceum?
8. Do you favor the one-lecture system, that more time may be given to the interests of the Lyceum?
9. Will you please state what otherwise you regard as advantageous to the improvement and progress of our work of love?

Address Emma Tuttle, Berlin Heights, Ohio.

J. M. PEEBLES,
EMMA TUTTLE,
J. O. BARRETT,

Shadows.

From the valleys of the western mountains friend Wetherbee sends his honey for the growing comb in the busy hive of the AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST. We welcome his contribution, so characteristic of himself and of the scenes among which he gathers his inspirations and grows his growth when out of the goodly city of Boston, as well as that which is less of value and less enduring, gold. Our friend John Wetherbee is a pendulum, the extremes of whose vibrations are Boston and the Rocky Mountains. He smacks of them both, and keeps time with all between them. Long may he swing and we hear of him often. §

ROCKY MOUNTAINS, 28th Jan., '70.

"Now came still evening on and twilight grey"—though it is but the fourth hour after noon. In these mountains, or rather in the valleys, gulches and trails between the high elevations on either hand, the day is of meager construction. The sun in some of these places is not an early riser, rarely showing its face before breakfast and retiring out of sight ear'y. True the bright hill-tops or mountain-peaks show the lingering rays long after the sun has said "Good night, son of man!" and tell that he is shining still, the clouds passing over the blue but circumscribed vault above; also tell us with their gold and silver faces, "I see thee yet!" Still, where I am, or where my thoughts now are, it is only 4 o'clock, yet blue and clear as the sky is, the shade and feeling of evening has already set in. The snow spreading wide dazzles no more the eye; that has now lost its vision-blinding power, and taken on the still and sombre robe of night.

I think the unoccupied soul is always pensively inclined as night sets in; it is then the absent one thinks of home; it is then also the pilgrim between the world of matter and the world of spirit thinks of his destiny. Victor Hugo says, "Tis the hour when children talk with angels;" we are all children, "children of the kingdom," and I find myself in communion with the angels.

There is snow on the ground; the wind whistles sharp through the openings, but I do not feel cold; my horse takes me along the trail, slipping now and then, his hoofs treading on the crust as we descend, reminding me that I am not a spirit yet, but tethered to the rough and craggy pathway of this life.

I take no note of time as I thus wind along down the ten or twelve miles before me. It is only 5 o'clock and yet how dark! the stars have not appeared, otherwise it is night; it is time for them, and ere long they begin to show themselves, late coming after so early a sunset, but at the appointed hour are never found wanting, save when the cloudy canopy hides from us their "Good evening, sir!" When on the ocean or on the plains, where objects are rare, or even in this lonely spot of mountain and wilderness, "Ye stars, which are the poetry of Heaven," ever have a word for me, I sometimes for the moment name them after distant friends, thinking perhaps they may be looking at them, making a triangle of our points; perhaps by my love or prejudice I christen too large a one as the spirit in my thought, which might disarrange the settlements of current history; still, even then, who knows but there is to be a reconstruction of size in the better land, and some of those who in this world's calendar are of the first magnitude, may drop into the ninth there, and some like this writer, who can hardly be seen with the naked eye, may be marked a visible light hereafter? At least let us think so; it is pleasant for all thoughtful people to feel that some day they will shine, if they do not now. I think I know a good many people who give what the world calls light, that is large in their day, whose stiffening, if I may use the word, will be taken out of them when they die. All hail! then for the reconstruction which will one day be. One of the beautiful ideas of Modern Spiritualism is, the teaching and the hope, to all struggling for a better life, of this sober second thought of Deity; so that the first shall be last and the last first.

I remember when George Carleton and I went to a man's school the first time, we were about the same age; he went in with a satchel full of books used by his older brother, Grammars, Arithmetics, Geographies,

&c. I being a first born had no discounted learning The master seeing his proficiency by his burden, put him in the second class and me in the third, and going home, George, pitying me in my lowness, said, "show went a great way." I thought so, for my mother said I was the brighter of the two, and I am inclined to think I was. A few weeks afterwards he was reconstructed and found himself in the fourth class; then I saw "Ever is justice done." Oh, how many people will go to heaven with big satchels, but, alas for them, no high place beckons. Places come not there by externals; they find ever that which fits the real man; the law that works in the night as well as in the day need never reconstruct. George there would not have had a taste of the "second" class; the man drops into the right groove every time. May we who are Spiritualists also know this by the teachings of the angels and by our response to its justice, and aim ever for the true conditions.

There! down goes my horse, just as I was enjoying this thought; a screech-owl started him and he slipped; but he is all right now, and so am I a moment after. I am still wandering in dreams, thinking of the angels in heaven and at home. Lonesome as this place is at any hour, especially at night, one cannot help thinking that perhaps we are not alone. Though ages of animal and vegetable forms may have passed and gone into this real but unseen world, yet perhaps, alone as I seem at the moment, this space may now all be filled with life and beauty; Indians who have left their tomahawks behind them and are at rest, and which none but the spirit eye can see. I feel that it may be so; if a sound starts me, I half suspect it to be from such, when it is nothing but the icy rippling stream telling its own story. I never feel so surrounded as I do, when I am so completely alone.

My good friends will excuse this strange sketch, the subject of my thought put into the form of a letter. I have said nothing; but who expects much from me? Yet your little sheet met my eye when I reached my halting-place, and as it did me good, (thanks to the thoughtfulness of Bro. Bacon), my gratitude expresses this out of me. I send it for juice. Perhaps you will give it another name. JOHN WETHERBEE.

Mrs. Emma Hardinge,

In one of her recent lectures, reported in the *Banner of Light*, speaking of Metempsychosis, says:—The universality of this belief may be traced by the scholar through all the beliefs of the Orient, except among the Jews. We find no trace of it in the Old Testament; but then its pages contain no proof of immortality at all, and though the Christian world bow down before the Bible, and affirm it to be a revelation direct from God, we repeat, the Old Testament contains no direct teaching of the soul's immortality, and only vaguely infers that there were sects among the Jews who did entertain such a belief. In the New Testament, Christ the spirit not only taught the immortality of the soul, but also that our immortal existence was fashioned by the deeds done in the body. The central idea of his doctrine was ever that the kingdom of heaven is within us, and is born of our own pure acts and thoughts.

There are two points to which, in connection with his teachings, we would call your attention: In the very moment when the parting spirit of the gentle Nazarene might have truly beheld the realities of the hereafter, to which himself and his dying associates on the dreadful cross of martyrdom were hastening, he uttered to the penitent thief those memorable words, "To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise."

The theology of Christianity teaches that Jesus did not ascend into heaven till the third day. Where then was that Paradise in which the sufferers were to meet on the first day—aye, even on the very day when their mortal eyes were closing upon earth? All commentators upon Oriental beliefs declare that the ancients believed that Paradise was an intermediate state; a realm where the discipline of human life was still continued, and the pilgrim soul passed from sphere to sphere, in the fulfillment of its progressive destiny.

Again: one of the companions of Jesus—Peter—implies, in the epistle ascribed to him, that Jesus went

and preached to disobedient spirits in prison; that he had descended to the dark realm of punishment for crime to teach and instruct its suffering inhabitants. Can we suppose that he, whose meek and gentle heart could so hardly brook the sight of sorrow that he wept at the tomb of Lazarus, could go to that region of gloom for the alleviation of woe, and work in vain? If the wretched spirits in prison to whom Jesus preached were incapable of reform and progress, would he have mocked them with his teachings? Wherefore did Christ descend to teach the spirits in prison at all? The fact that he is said to have done so is in itself a gospel of progress and hope. And yet Christianity affects to deny the belief in progress hereafter. Is not such a denial but the shadow of a dark man-made theology? a reflection of the cruel and savage belief that preaches of a God of infant condemnation, total depravity and endless punishment? How should we rejoice that at last the Babylon of theologic mystery has fallen, the dark pillar which superstition, bigotry and ignorance has woven around us is rent in twain, and the gloom of the grave is converted into the sunlight of immortal life. The testimony, however, which is given by the very lips of the founder of Christianity himself concerning the existence of Paradise or a mid-region of progress is one of the strongest points which the Scriptures of the Jews afford concerning the soul's destiny hereafter.

Letter from G. B. Stebbins.

WASHINGTON, D.C., Feb. 10.

A. A. WHEELOCK—

My Friend:—I only wish time and strength would allow me to write for your own and other journals, with some regularity, but at present I can only take an hour from other affairs for an occasional word.

Looking over the pages of your excellent paper, my thoughts went back to the time, some twenty-five years ago, when I traveled over the Western Reserve as an Abolitionist, and came to Cleveland to speak in a Wesleyan church, not in the most eminent repute, or in a fashionable quarter.

Then, even among many on the Reserve, the gospel of Freedom was "infidelity" and "treason," and was tabooed from the "best society." Now it is preached from finest pulpits, and sits at ease in the best parlors,—that is, Freedom as regards chattel ownership of the body, and that crushing of the soul that went with it. The world moves! The truth conquers! That battle is fought, and all rejoice that the victory is won. It only remains for the actors in that and other reforms to bring their experience and sagacity, their humane and generous emotions, their radical modes of thought, into later movements, which shall still help on freedom in a deeper and broader sense.

We want allegiance to the truth *within*, as first and most sacred; not slavery of the soul to authority *without*, be it of creed or book.

We want the new Trinity—Love, Wisdom, Will; better far than the old myth of a "triune God." We want facts and personal experience of the nearness of the Life Beyond, which shall strengthen and make clear the idea of the immortal life within us. We want obedience to Intuition—the welling up of light and truth from the soul's depths.

We would "prove all things and hold fast that which is good." All this you are seeking for, and the wiser and more earnest the search, the more valuable the result.

We shall win, for the world still moves. It is the Infinite and Divine purpose that the cry for "light, more light," shall be answered. This freedom of the soul is to come—its advent is but a question of time; and how much better to help a little, than blindly to put barriers in the path, for others to sweep aside.

So long as you go on in your good work, I shall keep you in cordial remembrance. The signs of the times are full of promise, yet the effort will be long, for "the world was not made in a day," and all changes come slow, yet sure. As the Germans have it—"The mills of God grind slow, but they grind exceeding small." Truly yours,

G. B. STEBBINS.

BLUFF POINT, Yates co., N.Y., Feb. 4th, 1870.
BROTHER A. A. WHEELOCK—

Dear Sir:—I have just returned from a Western excursion, to visit Dr. Samuel B. Collins of La Porte, Ia., who has recently been made a medium exponent of one of the most wonderful discoveries in *Materia Medica*, known to the medical faculty of the present age. It is a cure for the habit of opium eating, and its use in any and every possible form, without pain or suffering, through the agency of unmistakable spiritual development. The misery I have suffered from the opium habit, prompts me, by sympathy for all others subject to or liable to become addicted to the habit, to give publicity through the columns of your admirable journal; as also to subserve as a test of spiritual interposition in the concerns of those yet within the confines of a mundane sphere.

Last summer, I received a circular containing printed certificates of a number of persons, in which were specific statements of cures of the opium habit, by the persons themselves. Among them were those who had used the drug in every form—crude, sulphate and liquid.

Being at the time a great sufferer from the habit, having used it almost daily for nearly twenty years, I became much interested in the matter, and commenced immediate investigation by writing to the medium doctor, and a number of his patients who had been cured of the habit by his treatment; and received such replies by letter, to my inquiries, as satisfied me that there was yet a ground worthy of my hope.

Accordingly, during the last days of December last, I visited La Porte, Ia., and first called upon Capt. A. P. Andrew, a gentleman now in his 70th year, and who was the first patient treated for the opium habit, by Dr. Collins, and who had been some twenty-three years addicted to the habit. He is the first man cured of the habit without suffering beyond the powers of description, and what no wealth would hire one to undergo.

Some eight years ago, Dr. Wiley, a man who for years had been a medical practitioner in the family of Cap. Andrew, passed to spirit life. The Doctor made a specialty of treating the Captain for the habit of using opium, but without an approximation towards relief. And here I will beg to remark, in reference to Dr. Collins, that he, from his childhood, was a remarkable medium, and even while in early childhood, gave some striking tests of spirit-seeing, which in those superstitious times was attributed to demoniacal influences.

Some seven years after the said Dr. Wiley had left the earth form, Captain Andrew being in company of Dr. Collins, the spirit of Dr. Wiley came, and through the medium of Dr. Collins, communicated to the Captain that though they were occupants of different spheres, he still retained all the warmth of regard and affection he had for him when in the earth sphere; that he had been examining authorities for a cure for his opium habit; that he had exhausted the disensatory without being successful, but was not discouraged; that the vegetable kingdom was yet before him unexplored, and that there he was impressed he would meet with success.

Some three months thereafter, being again in company with Dr. Collins, the spirit of Dr. Wiley came again, and told the Captain that his search had been attended with success. He had found a cure, and through the organism of Dr. Collins, there was a cure for opium eaters. The spirit straightway taught Dr. Collins the means and treatment, and he adopted the Captain as a first patient; and some eight or nine months before I visited the Doctor for treatment, the Captain was entirely cured. The Captain told me, from the first use of the antidote, he has had no desire for the use of opium, and for the last nine months, he has had no appetite for either the drug or the antidote.

I saw several others, who in La Porte, cured by Dr. Collins, and all told the same story.

Over five weeks have now elapsed since I took the last dose of opium, but I have used the antidote each day, as often as I had been in the habit of using opium. I am required to use the antidote for five months, when I will no longer need that or any other substitute. Since I took my last dose of opium, I have had no desire to use it. My health has greatly improved, and I feel certain that I am again going to appreciate life worth preservation, and no longer suffer the horrors of anticipated suicide.

The unfortunate now suffering the miseries of opium use, have only to address Dr. Samuel B. Collins, La Porte, Ia., to receive finite information in relation thereto.

W. W. CULVER.

MEN, WOMEN AND GHOSTS.

BY ELIZABETH STEWART PHELPS,

Author of "The Gates Ajar," etc.

BOSTON: Fields, Osgood & Co.

"Of making books there is no end," but it really seems that the number of original titles is not infinite. Some time ago we saw an advertisement of a volume entitled "Trumpets, Pitchers and Lamps," since which we have had no decided sensation in this way, until, all at once, "Men, Women and Ghosts" appeared before us. There is nothing in life like life itself, and of all life, the life of men and women is that which most entirely interests us.

"Ghost" is a word we abominate; it has become unscientific and impertinent. Miss Phelps should have been above the cheap sensational which is to be served by its reproduction. A ghost is an apparition, a phantom, a spectre, a mere shadow. The name conveys only an indefinite idea, and is therefore out of place as the title of what this book assumes to be—a veracious chronicle of facts.

To popular comprehension the term ghost suggests the sense of nothing actual; but recalls the superstition and ignorance which for so long has filled the popular mind, regarding everything, aside from the most material considerations.

We suppose it never would have answered for Miss Phelps to entitle her pleasant publication Men, Women and *Spirits*, since that would have aroused the prejudice of the Sectarians, who have been educated into a repulsion from Spiritualism, as if immortality were felony, and its demonstration made all concerned "an accessory after the fact." Perhaps, however, we are hypercritical and should excuse a touch of policy, inasmuch as by virtue of the little innuendo of an insinuation of disengagement, the title of the book reflects on the validity of its contents and argument. Many a pious soul will read, reflect and assimilate, who has been so long accustomed to a creed of errors that unadulterated truth would be repelled with holy horror. The material of the book may be inferred from the title, nevertheless, a recommendation many of those which astonish us can not claim.

There are several short narratives of men and women, and interesting persons they are, not "Lords and Ladies," but the development of the grand, the heroic and the tender, in common life. The men of the lumbering camp, the mechanic-shop and the forecastle; women of the homely hearth-stone, the prosaic cotton-mill and the horrible streets—common people all; "so very common, you know," laborers and lumbermen, mechanics and sailors, wives and daughters of poor men—"operatives" and sinners much like the rest of us.

The strong points of the book are its Democracy and its Spiritualism. The characters and forms are drawn from life, with a pre-Raphaelite faithfulness to nature—and New England nature at that—which is always pathetic in the last analysis.

Some of these excellent sketches have appeared in the pages of the *Atlantic Monthly*; they are worthy of being twice told, however, and to many, the fact they have thus been published will be significant of their value. The "Ghosts" make the fun of the book most decidedly. "The day of my death" is a comical affair; Spiritualists who have seen staid family arrangements upset by the pranks of the "Toms, Dicks and Harrys" of the Spiritual Hemisphere, can comprehend the items of this well authenticated story. Wonderful, singular, provoking and ludicrous "physical phenomena;" pertinent, instructive and truthful communications, were the order of the time. The Episcopal clergyman called to investigate, decides it is the Devil. The gentleman housekeeper becomes a Spiritualist, and for some time receives tests without end. At last he is utterly absorbed in the matter, and gravitates to a position of implicit unreasoning confidence in the spirits, which is positively dangerous.

Then comes the inevitable lesson he needs to restore him to the balance of his individuality. He receives a communication of the day of his death, but falsifies the prophecy, and lives on in spite of fate and ghosts. Just here we lose sight of him, and neither he nor Miss Phelps seems capable of comprehending the moral of the most tremendous imposition of which he was the victim.

The story of "Selphar" is a history of a natural clairvoyant and aside from its interest as a narrative, is of value for scientific and philosophic consideration; the circumstances are related as matter of fact in the family history of the writer. "Kentucky's Ghost" is a tale of barbarity and retribution "on the high seas." "Kentucky," the poor stow away boy, driven aloft

at last by the cruel mate, is lost overboard. He ever after haunts the rigging, and finally meets the mate there, who in a storm is hurled, perhaps by the spirit from the same yard from which Kentucky was lost, far into the devouring sea.

Those who read the book will find a great and contrasted variety in its contents, and only the best influences will emanate from it. To soften the proud, to refine the gross, to cheer the sad, to liberalize the intolerant, to inculcate true Spiritualism, and at last suggest the glorious possibilities of the future, is the purpose of the author. With such a motive, such a writer could not produce a bad work. Having found "The Gates Ajar" and brought men, women and spirits together, let Miss Phelps keep on the progressive tenor of her way, and enlighten her orthodox friends as to the importance of the fact she has made known to them.

COSMOLOGY:

BY GEORGE M'ILVAINE RAMSEY, M. D.

BOSTON: Wm. White & Co pp. 264; price \$1.50.

By the rapid succession of volumes from the Spiritual press, and especially from that of the publishers of this volume, we infer that spiritual literature is in greater demand even than heretofore. The *Banner Publishing House* understands the art of making a beautiful book, so far as mechanical execution is concerned, and if its volumes do not sell, the authors cannot console themselves by charging it with the fault. It is really a luxury to read a volume, like this, a fair sample of all, printed from beautiful clear type, on fine paper, and bound in a tasteful and substantial manner.

From the title and contents we infer that the author sets forth in the attempt to sketch a generalization of the Universe. This is worthy of the most exalted ambition, and although attempted by sage and philosopher, in a long line, for the last 6,000 years, always resulting in failure, the world welcomes each new effort, for this great problem must and will be resolved. How far Mr. Ramsey has succeeded the reader must judge. We have no desire to criticise the style of the book. In his preface the author says: "He trusts that the public and he will be spared the infliction of maudlin-brain critics, whose love for purity of diction transcends their estimation of the discovery of natural laws, explanatory of natural phenomena hitherto unknown."

We have no wish to incur the epithet, "maudlin-brain critic," although we admire an author the more who understands the use of words, and can say just what he intends. We do not think the author deserves his own criticism, for no one would find fault with his diction. In matters of scientific statement objections may arise.

His statement of the "controlling laws of matter, namely, moisture, heat, attraction," is very peculiar, and his making *inertia* a "negative" property, indicates a rejection of the great truth demonstrated by the researches of Faraday, Helmholtz, Youmans, Tyndall, and others, that no such "property" as *inertia* exists.

His explanation of the GLACIAL PERIOD is subject to criticism. He accounts for it by a change in the poles of the earth. No one will dispute the adequateness of the cause, but it is determined not only by Geology, but the absoluteism of Mathematics that no such change in the poles of the earth can take place. This theory seems to arise from a desire to account for the deluge. He divides the geological history of the earth into six periods, each heralded by a "reconstruction of axis;" the sixth period being the age of the "Predelugeans." Now this division into six periods made in conformation to the "six days" of creation, has no existence in Geology.

Nor is the myth of the deluge worthy of a moment's thought. This "reconstruction of axis," is not only impossible, it is wholly unnecessary.

The spheroidal form of the earth must have been impressed on it while fluid, and once impressed, allows but slight departure from the axial rotation. We have not time to allude to such discrepancies, found almost on every page, but present these as illustrations.

The researches of the past few years; the correlation and conservation of forces; the grand generalizations of Geologists, and physicists, seems wholly unknown to the author, or else he has purposely ignored them.

The Newtonian theory of planetary propulsion at which he aims his keenest shafts, long since was laid aside as inadequate. He constantly wars against a man of straw. The book is at least twenty five years behind the present status of scientific thought.

THE
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The Editor-in-Chief(†) will contribute exclusively to THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST.

"RESOLVED, That we are Spiritualists, * * * and that any other prefix or suffix is calculated only to retard and injure us."

A Stupendous Discovery.

This is the way the Fox girls produce their spiritual rappings: Fasten one end of a piece of elastic band, four or five inches long, to the middle of a pound bar of lead, and the other end to a ring large enough to receive the toe of your shoe. Take another piece of elastic band, eight inches or more in length fasten one end to the ring, and the other to the right leg above the knee. When standing, with the contrivance arranged as described, the bar of lead should not come quite to the ankle. Of course, a long dress is necessary to conceal it. When sitting, the raps can be made by putting the toe of the left shoe through the ring, and with a slight movement of the foot causing the lead to strike the floor. One end of the bar will be likely to come in contact with the floor a little before the other does, and produce the peculiar double knock made by the Fox mediums. By a slight lateral motion of the foot, raps can be made with such a contrivance on a table leg or a door. A gentleman walking home with one of the girls, one evening after a *seance*, noticed a sound in connection with her step like that made by a wooden peg in walking, and the embarrassed girl said she could not conceive what caused it.—*Daily Herald*

Whether the above astounding discovery which we find in the Cleveland *Daily Herald*, originated with the astute editors of that ably conducted paper, we are unable to say, but appearing in its columns they are certainly entitled to the honor of presenting it to the public.

Whoever the author of the above note may be, he should be tenderly cared for and closely guarded, lest such extraordinary and Herculean mental effort be repeated, which would doubtless cause great destruction of brains, if not of life.

He would do well to get out a *patent* for the *discovery*, as there are not a few religious bigots "standing up for Jesus," who would gladly pay for such silly twaddle to read, by taking a paper that will lend its columns to the dirty business of publishing that kind of trash, because it will feed the insane prejudice of religious dupes, and as cunning "Iago" says:—"put money in thy purse."

Considering the fact, that the phenomena called the "raps" occurred in this country almost 22 years since—that up to this hour, inviting and courting investigation, the phenomena has undergone the most searching scientific, judicial and theological examination, *without being explained away or refuted*—and more than that, these "spirit rappings" and other manifestations have so increased during this brief period, as to number its believers by millions, among whom are the brightest intellects of the age and the leading minds of both Europe and America.

In view of these facts, how pitiable and contemptible the cowardly pandering of a public journal to the popular prejudice that exists in community regarding Spiritualism, arising as such prejudice does from lack of information and knowledge upon the subject.

A mass meeting should be called to vote the editors of the *Herald* a leather medal for their self-sacrificing efforts in furnishing the public with such important and invaluable information. ||

There is to be a Convention of Ohio editors, at Springfield, O., Feb. 24th and 25th. We hope the "representatives of the quill" will develop something worthy of such a gathering. ||

Interesting Scenes.

The Rev. Edwin M. Long, of Philadelphia, Pa., has been delivering a course of sermons, with the truths fo the text illustrated by a revolving series of large biblical paintings, prepared expressly for his pulpit use.

The following letter, just received from Marion, Ohio, will speak for itself:

MARION, Ohio, Feb. 1, 1870.

DEAR BROTHER LONG: The course of illustrated sermons which you preached in our place in December last has been followed by the happiest results. A deep interest was awakened in the children, and some were then hopefully converted. Union prayer meetings followed your effort until the close of "The week of Prayer," January 7th. Then public services were commenced daily in our several churches. The e have continued to this date and still continue. A blessed revival—each church that cooperated with you—is now enjoying. From eighty to one hundred have been hopefully converted, many of them adults and quite a number heads of families. The work still continues with unabated and we think with increasing interest.

J.H. PRATT, Pastor of Prss. church.

D.T. MILLER, Pastor of U.B. church.

L.A. BELT, Pastor of M.E. church.

S.D. BATES, Pastor of F.W. Baptist. *Daily Leader*

"A blessed revival"—but brethren, if, as you claim, the Lord does this work by which "from eighty to one hundred have been hopefully converted," what the *necessity* of the Rev. Mr. Long's "revolving paintings?" Can't the Lord convert sinners without this machinery? If the mighty three-headed God you profess to believe in and worship so sincerely has the *power* to convert sinners and turn them singly or by hundreds into your churches, then it follows unmistakably that your "revolving paintings," your preaching and praying, your "dress parade" in the pulpit, your "great awakenings of religious interest," gotten up by those specially interested in this pious "show business," is all lost time, and useless effort, as far as the Lord can be concerned in the matter, simply because, if he be *omnipotent*, as you claim, he can have no need or use for all this flummery falsely called religion!

But if this modern "revival machinery," invented, made and "prepared expressly for pulpit use," as we are told these paintings were, by the "poor, feeble worms of the dust," whom this omnipotent, orthodox God has created, is really necessary to aid Him in *His work*, then it follows that the more machinery the greater the number of souls the Lord can save! Let us have the "machinery," brethren, by all means. Don't let the Lord fail in the important work of "saving souls" for a few "paintings!" And if the Lord can do more with "stubborn and rebellious man" by using "revolving paintings," in Heaven's name make them to "revolve." We don't suppose the Great Jehovah, with all his power, could make even a *stationary* painting like that "expressly for pulpit use," if the whole human race, were to be damned for the want of it! If not, what a *powerful God* he must be! Bah! Out on such arrant nonsense, for even half-grown children!

By the way, "men and brethren" of the orthodox persuasion, permit us to suggest an *improvement*. Adopt the practice of those devout worshipers, the "Thibetans," who do their religion up by "machinery," having a "praying machine" that is driven by water (slightly differing from Baptists and Disciples) through which any kind of a prayer can be "ground out" to order! It would save our religious friends much labor and expense. We suggest that such a "machine" could be so improved by some ingenious Yankee as to run by lightning as well as water. If so, a great amount of praying could be done in a short space of time. Will not some of these pious revival shrieking-God-helpers, try it, or what would be far better, borrow E.S. Wheeler's scientific chart on "Mediumship," get the author of it, or some other intelligent Spiritualist to explain it, and thus try to learn a little something about those spiritual laws and forces, which are in harmony with God, Nature and human life, and control and decide the destiny of every soul, regardless of the "revival business," and entirely independent of it. ||

Although the first woman was hardly an angle, Adam doubtless thought her an Evangel. ||

Clairvoyance.

An overwise contributor (S. J. Wilson) in the *Investigator* of a recent date, writing on the above subject, appears to regard the evidence which has been adduced in proof of the claims and reliability of clairvoyance, as wholly defective and unsatisfactory.

In order to settle the matter, as he thinks, beyond all cavil, he proposes as a sort of final test, that some great clairvoyant—he instances Jackson Davis—shall put in black and white, what happened of public interest, and also what will happen of like character, say in London or elsewhere, and have the same published in the *Investigator* before its fulfillment, or the knowledge of any such occurrence could ordinarily become known to him or us.

Following this, reference is made to another poser from a second correspondent, who submits that the editor of the aforesaid paper, should privately write and post up six words only, on the walls of his office and request any professional out of the city to correctly reveal what had thus been written. The inference of course being, that if any party, without collusion, succeeded in reading these words, ergo Clairvoyance gets established! The fact exists! For proof brought to the door and convincing such sceptics, must be sufficient for "all the world and the rest of mankind."

Excuse us, friends, but we respectfully question such result to follow ever so clear a case of clairvoyance, or even thousands of such cases, for they exist all around us, as testified to by unimpeachable witnesses. The power of prejudice is proverbial and is nly appre as rampant to-day, in certain directions, as ever it was. We furthermore question whether these very proposers would be convinced, when all their own conditions were faithfully complied with, and correct responses invariably given, because we fail to see the manifestation of any such spirit on their part to warrant us in believing otherwise. The truth lurking in the old adage,

"A man convinced against his will
Is of the same opinion still,"
will insist upon asserting itself.

Really, do these friends realize the inconsistent and ridiculous position they are forced into when they ignore the force of human evidence? Allowing that they receive all and more than they ask for, according to their reasoning, another would be justified in believing them bamboozled did they believe Clairvoyance upon any evidence. It is absurd to suppose, when other things are equal, that any fact in nature, whether spiritualistic or materialistic, is of so much more consequence when observed by A. than by B.

Many a man has been sentenced to be hung upon infinitely far less direct and conclusive testimony than Clairvoyance has to support itself.

The weight of reliable testimony substantiating the truth of Clairvoyance, together with Somnambulism and Mesmerism, is overwhelming; and these wiseacres in persistently rejecting this evidence prove themselves to be simply cavillers rather than *investigators* of the truth for truth's own sweet sake. B.

SPIRITUALIST CONVENTION.—The New Jersey State Association of Spiritualists held a Convention at Camden, N. J., yesterday, which I had the pleasure of addressing. Indeed, I spoke several times during the day and evening. Good progress was made, and if the friends in New Jersey profit by the mistakes of others, and take counsel of their own common sense, then the Association may become productive of much good.

FEB. 17. §

DONATION.—Thankfully received from a friend in Pennsylvania through Dr. H. T. Child, five dollars, in aid of THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST. Such gifts are gratefully received, and as this is not the first we trust to deserve others. Every penny is consecrated and goes with our own money and labor to disseminate that truth the race so much needs. §

Adjutant General's Report.

We have received the Report of this officer, for 1869, but as yet have had little time to examine its contents.

May the day come when "man shall learn war no more," and all such Reports will no longer be needed.

Philadelphia Notes.

FEB. 17th, 1870.

My explorations material, social and spiritual, since my last communicative epistle, have confirmed my first impressions of this wide spread and growing city. I have walked and rode many miles in its straight long streets, crossing each other with mathematical exactness. I have looked in upon some of its public institutions, met large audiences of its citizens, and conversed socially with many men and women; still I hold to my first idea. I felt the soul of the place psychometrically before I knew it by observation.

The Consolidated Spiritualist Society, meeting at Harmonial Hall, seems strong and progressive. There are three Lyceums in the city, but I have not the details of their condition yet. Harmonial Hall is a comfortable church edifice, corner of 11th street and Wood. One advantage the friends have in Philadelphia, is, they can avail themselves of the general roominess.

Friend Fish and the Rev. Mr. Moore have been engaged in a debate for some weeks in the Hall, upon the Bible. It is to be renewed soon. "When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war." Friend Fish was reared as a Rev., and has graduated from the Christian Schools. Mr. Moore is as liberal as an honest, sincere Christian can be, and is an able man some of our western churches would do well to engage.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Bucks county Intelligencer writes from this city:

church building goes on all over the city at a furious rate, and the age for fine places for worship flourishes correspondingly to their increase of wealth and luxury. The various denominations vie with each other in trying to render religion to those who have the most money to spend. One unfortunate result of this is that under the fee system, worship becomes a difficult matter with many classes of people. The subject has been engaging the attention of many thoughtful minds, and a sentiment is growing up favorable to abolishing pew rents, and making the churches free. I imagine that the only result will be to create new distinctions which will not be likely to favor the cause of religion.

The city is being beautified by the erection of many fine churches. Were these edifices made useful, or ever opened more than a few hours each week, we need not regret that their beauty and grandeur were merely monumental.

§

Heaven and Hell.

Theologians have speculated long and uselessly regarding the locality of heaven and hell, but until recently no very definite and satisfactory information could be obtained, as those who came from either place at the solicitation of friends have been vague and contradictory in their statements. But the matter is settled since Dr. Morimore has located heaven inside the sun and hell is outside. The Doctor has a generous heaven, capable of containing twenty-five trillion or so provided each one will be content with 20 square feet. How much room there is in hell the Doctor does not tell us—perhaps he has not been there, and so cannot speak from personal knowledge. We are much obliged to the Doctor, because it is so pleasant to know positively all about these things.—*Boston News*.

A Remarkable Cure.

This certifies that I suddenly lost the sight of my left eye, about a week ago. I could not even see the outline of the blaze of a lamp or gas-light. Could not see the outline of any one's face, or know any one by sight. Consulted one of the best Oculists of Cleveland, who gave no encouragement, but said it could not be restored, if ever, in less than six months or a year. I then called upon Dr. Newcomer, of 288 Superior street, who treated my eye magnetically, and the next day he treated it again, when I was able to read common print.

So much for magnetic treatment.

[Signed]

A. ELLINWOOD.

In presence of

J. R. JOINER.

MRS. G. W. ALLEN.

Dr. Cuyler has made the discovery in the Independent, that "many city churches are dying of dignity."

HUDSON TUTTLE'S

CAREER OF THE CHRIST-IDEA IN HISTORY.

The second volume in this remarkable series initiated by the "Career of the God-IDEA," is nearly ready for delivery. The first volume was eagerly received by liberal thinkers, and has been unsparingly abused by the Christian press.

This volume will probably provoke severer criticism than the first, for it deals with a tenderer subject, and does so in a manner cool, philosophical and defiant.

HIGHLAND RAMBLES.

A Poem, by Wm. B. Wright; pp. 183; tinted paper; price \$1.25. BOSTON, Adams & Co.

There is poetry in "Highland Rambles," from the green and gold of the binding to the last page of the Poem itself. It is said this volume received, prior to publication, the commendation of Emerson. This fact is not more creditable to the author than the taste of Mr. Emerson. It is more than a Poem. While it breathes deep and fervent love of Nature, showing a keen, intuitive insight into her mysterious ways, it expresses a deep and searching philosophy.

The story is finely told, and the reader unconsciously takes up his abode in the cot of the sage, high up in the mountains, with the three friends who select the place for their summer vacation, and receive the visits of the beautiful "Oread," granddaughter of the sage; who is

"Seeming a strain divine of womanhood
Full-sung to its sweetness."

How charming the mountain air, like fresh wine. From the rugged summit they

"Cried, Look! the crescent strands her silver keel
Upon the pearly breakers of the dawn."

It was a young fresh life there these friends led, and one of them has freshly recorded it. Gems of great beauty are scattered through the volume, mingled with profound philosophical discourse.

The closing passages, descriptive of the death of the wonderful sage, for us possesses the greatest charms, and for vividness of coloring and sentiment expressed are of matchless beauty.

AMATEUR CULTIVATOR'S GUIDE.

Although horticultural pursuits are not exactly in our line, yet we confess to a strong inclination that way, as we turn the pages of Washburn & Co.'s "Amateur Cultivator's Guide," a neatly bound volume of 125 pages, faultlessly printed and elaborately filled with most perfect engravings of flowers and fruit of great and choice varieties.

One feels, in looking over its pages, as if one had been suddenly conveyed to the midst of a garden of flowers.

The definite information and full description given regarding every plant, shrub and flower contained in this "Guide Book" makes it a most invaluable companion to the Gardener and Horticulturist. The really fine lithograph on the first page of the "Guide" is alone worth the price of the book, and will make any one who looks at it wish that Spring was here.

Read advertisement of it in another column of this paper and then send for it. 25 cts in paper cover, 50 cts bound in cloth. Address Washburn & Co., Horticultural Hall, Boston, Mass.

AMERICAN BOOKSELLER'S GUIDE.

The February number of this interesting Monthly comes to us with contents entertaining and instructive. No person can fail to be benefitted by a careful perusal of such excellent reading. Two editions commencing with the April number of "The American Bookseller's Guide," will be issued—one for the trade, and the other for those not in the trade. All who desire this valuable Guide for 1870, should send for it at once. Address "The American News Company," 119 and 121 Nassau street, New York city.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

An illustrated monthly magazine for boys and girls, sent out to the world by Fields, Osgood & Co., comes to our table regularly, and a most acceptable visitor the "Young Folks" is.

The February number has a rich and racy table of contents, sufficient to interest everybody's children, if all could be fortunately supplied with it.

We know of nothing in the reading line more appropriate and that promises more entertainment to boys and girls than to place in their hands a number of the "Young Folks." Terms \$2.00 a year. Single copy 20 cents. Address Fields, Osgood & Co., Publishers, 124 Tremont street, Boston.

THE PRINTING GAZETTE.

Has entered upon its 5th volume enlarged to double its former size, with a general improvement typographically, editorially, making one of the most attractive and desirable journals for printers in the country. It is really a treat to look over the contents of this neat and finely printed paper, for the mechanical execution does credit to the "craft," as every printer can see by obtaining a copy. Address G. S. Newcomb & Co., publishers of the Printing Gazette 144 Seneca st., Cleveland, O.

THE LADIES' OWN MAGAZINE.

For February reaches us well filled with choice and excellent reading. There is sufficient variety to make it entertaining, while its earnest articles in defense of woman ought to be read in every household in the land. Edited by Mrs. Cora Bland. The Ladies Own Magazine shows what woman can do, \$150 a year, published at Indianapolis, Ind.

MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

Commenced its 5th volume January 1st, 1870. It is a neat little monthly published at North Strafford, N. H. Price of subscription 50 cents a year.

OUR PLANET,

ITS PAST AND FUTURE; OR LECTURES ON GEOLOGY;
BY WILLIAM DENTON; PUBLISHED BY THE
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The Facts of Nature are the Heiroglyphs of God! Geology is the key which translates the inscriptions of a million ages. The man of science is the true high priest, entering the Holy of Holies of Nature's temple, and breaking the shew bread of the eternal covenant, from the shrine of God, to feed starving humanity upon the curb stone.

"When a fact comes, I am prepared to welcome it," says William Denton; and it is in this spirit he raps with the Geologist's hammer at the gateways of the world.

The mists of morning detain the Locomotive, as much as the theologies and creeds enchain his intellect. He revels in the sea of facts, swimming to the shores of law and truth, from whence his "audacious yawns sound o'er the rooftops of one half the world!"

Mr. Denton is dead in love with truth, and has little sympathy with those who endeavor to put stopples in volcanoes, for fear their lava may shrivel a leaf of Genesis, or take out injunctions against earthquakes, knowing they will upheave the rotten foundations of some popular Church. His heresy fortunately expatriated him from England in early life, and by closing one after another minor employment, forced him into his present legitimate profession as a Lecturer and Author. He has produced a number of concise critical pamphlets, which do him honor and the world good; but it is in "Our Planet" that he condenses the substance of his scientific researches and travels, and fully develops the interesting style which has made him popular as a speaker from Maine to the Mississippi. The fact is, Mr. Denton brings to the details of science the aspiration and expression of the artist and poet and all the inspiration of a seer and devotee.

Thus without exaggeration he uses the language of enthusiasm, and psychologises the attention of the reader by the infection of his own earnestness. He charms others because he is charmed himself, and popularizes science because he loves, at once and with equal fervor, knowledge and the people.

The *New York Tribune* says of "Our Planet," "This is a book for the masses—a book that should be read by every intelligent man in the country." The *Revolution* observes, "Mr. Denton has succeeded well in one thing, his book can be understood; an immense recommendation in these reckless, headlong, or head-breaking times, when patient, sober study and reflection have almost ceased to exist, and become fossiliferous."

The distinguished Prof. White remarks, "Mr. Denton has certainly succeeded better than any American author I know, in making a really interesting readable book on general Geology."

For sale at the office of THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST, 47 Prospect st., Cleveland, Ohio. Price \$1.50; postage 20cts.

THE SOUL OF THINGS;

OR PSYCHOMETRIC RESEARCHES AND DISCOVERIES. By William and Elizabeth M. F. Denton. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co.

Though as concise as a text book, we read "The Soul of Things" with the fascination of a work of fiction. Indeed, it is truth itself, stranger than fiction, written in the vivid style which is a part of Mr. Denton's remarkable power. The reader pursues the course of experiment with an excited interest no mere work of art could so well maintain. We follow the vision of the Psychometrist from pole to pole, from continent to continent. She reads us the history of the tribolite and meteor, from their shattered fragments; and looks down through the geologic strata by the same faculty with which she glances backward in retrospection of the ages. The spaces and all time are brought before us, and the shifting panorama of the vision is a historical picture gallery and museum of the world. Mr. Denton has placed us under obligations, as Spiritualists, by thus introducing his facts in scientific order. The same mode of treatment is required in connection with every phase of mediumistic development. Let those who wish to investigate Psychology, who would acquire a knowledge of the powers and faculties of the immortal spirit, peruse carefully this book.

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A. A. Wheelock, Managing Editor.

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Wisconsin subscribers please notify us if they do not get their paper? We will correct all mistakes, and see to it that each one gets the full number of papers they are entitled to. Be particular to state when your subscription commenced.

The cause of Spiritualism is progressing finely in Akron. O. P. Kellogg speaks there once a month, in Empire Hall, to large audiences.

Announcement of Lectures.

A. A. Wheelock lectures in Chagrin Falls, Saturday evening, Feb. 19th, and Sunday, 20th, at 1 o'clock and 6½ P. M.

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Its musical murmur shall rise,
Till wounded, defeated and vanquished
The demon of drudgery dies.

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The Ohio State Association of Spiritualists is inaugurating a new and systematic plan of work for the coming year. We publish the list of officers for the year 1870, and suggest that friends throughout the State put themselves at once in correspondence with this useful organization:

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REGULAR WEEKLY SOCIABLES of the Society of Spiritualists and Liberalists, will be held at LYCEUM HALL,

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Friends who have not yet received an Invitation Card, can procure one of the Committee at the Hall on the evenings of the parties.

Tickets \$1. Dancing commences at 8 o'clock.

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The Children of the Progressive Lyceum, Toledo, will have Regular Sociables, at Lyceum Hall,

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* * * * * Balling went to the field, visiting army after army, officer after officer, sketching each just as he appeared in the midst of war. After more than two years of this patient labor he returned, and since that time this picture has been wrought out from the materials thus gathered. * * * Balling has taken advantage of every circumstance to meet these difficulties. Fortunately for him, he could put his portraits on horseback, and the military costume is always brilliant.—*National Intelligencer*, (Washington, D. C., February 20th, 1869).

OUR GENERALS.

The spirited chromo lithograph and engraving "The Heroes of the Republic," from Balling's celebrated oil painting, is attracting a great deal of attention. Grant is of course the central figure, and grouped around him are twenty-six of his gallant comrades in arms. The original painting is owned by Emma Howard, but the chromo is an excellent fac simile, and will find a place in hundreds of patriotic households.—*Washington Chronicle*.

FINE ARTS.

H. Balling's excellent picture of the "Heroes of the Republic," has recently been skillfully reproduced in chromo-lithography and engraving by Fabronius. The portraits comprise twenty-seven of those of the Union Generals who achieved the widest renown and most approved themselves to popular favor and gratitude in the hot stress of our late civil strife. The central figure, of course, is Grant, and about him the rest are grouped with reference to individual celebrity. The historical value of such a picture depends entirely upon the fidelity of the likenesses, and in this respect the work cannot fail to meet public appreciation.—*New York Times*.

The Literary Editor of this paper, having seen while in Washington, this historical work, concurs in the general recommendation of the same, and would consider a good chromo or engraving thereof an ornament to any patriotic home.

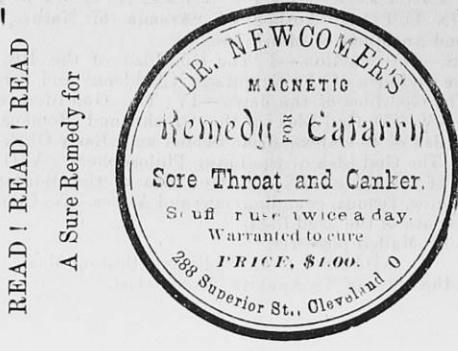
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Arrive Toledo,	10.10	12.40	7.45		Arrive in Sandusky at 6.50 P. M.	11.55 A. M.	3.45
" Detroit.		4.20	11.20				
" Jackson,		4.10	11.15				
" Kalamazoo		7.55	8.00				
" Grand Rapids,		11.00	11.30				
Chicago,		10.20	6.50				

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Arrive Erie,	10.55	2.55	7.05			A. M. 12.40	
" Dunkirk,		I2.30	4.55	9.00		2.20	
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" N. York 8.00 a. m.	10.30 a. m.	6.30 p. m.	11.00 p. m.
" Buffalo 1.00 a. m.	6.15 a. m.	12.00 noon	8.45 p. m.
Arr. Clv'lnd 7.50 a. m.	2.05 p. m.	7.15 p. m.	4.45 a. m.

TRAINS EASTWARD

L've Chicago 8.20 a. m.	5.05 p. m.	9.20 p. m.	
" G. Rp'ds 6.15 a. m.		4.00 p. m.	
" Jackson 1.30 p. m.			7.00 a. m.
" Detroit 2.00 p. m.	10.40 p. m.		7.00 a. m.
Arr. Cleve'd 9.20 p. m.	7.15 a. m.	11.20 a. m.	3.30 p. m.

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jan14 CHARLES F. HATCH, Gen. Supt.

A NEW WEEKLY PAPER, THE INDEX, Was Published on Jan. 1st, 1870, at Toledo, Ohio.

The Index is edited by Francis Ellingwood Abbott, minister of the First Independent (recently Unitarian) Society in that city.

The Index is devoted to the spread of Free Religion and its practical application in society. Each number will contain a Lecture or Discourse by the Editor; and a certain space will be regularly appropriated to the use of the President and Secretary of the Free Religious Association.

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Gen. Butler on Intemperance.

Gen. Butler made a speech before the disabled veterans of the recent war, in the National Soldiers Home at Dayton, Ohio, in the course of which he said: There are two things here which can mar the beauties of this institution. One is idleness, the parent of every vice; the other, the fruitful daughter and companion of idleness—intemperance. [Applause.] Comrades you know I speak the truth when I say that there would not be one in a thousand of you break any rule of discipline if there was no such thing on earth—and would to God there were not!—as rum in any form. [Great cheering] You may have thought, however necessary, the order was a little harsh which requires you to go together in town. If there was neither rum nor whiskey in Dayton you might all go there, either singly or together—[renewed applause]—every day, and at all times of the day. And the rule that you should only go in squads, accompanied by an officer, is in order that you may be preserved from temptation; that the prayer you utter every morning, I trust, "lead us not into temptation," as far as concerns the Board of Managers, shall be in part fulfilled; that you shall be surrounded by such guards and influences as to be kept from temptation as much as possible. And that is the only regulation which I believe the Board of Managers have substantially made to restrain your conduct, and I am glad to have this opportunity, in your presence, to explain the reason of it, and you, yourselves, I doubt not, have felt already its beneficent result.

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[For the American Spiritualist.]

Ecce Homo.

BY E. R. PLACE.

Truth was his church, his synagogue the street;
His prayers good works, with earnest love replete.
Wide as the world his parish bound'ry ran,
His ritual peace, his priest the honest man.
Such life his creed, such love its living hymn,
In their great light the pious forms grew dim.
Short was his catechism: "Serv'st thou Heaven
With honest works for man's advancement given?"
And all were members of his human church,
Who made this "grace" the treasure of their search.
A truth so living and a life so true,
Broke in strange splendor o'er the shadowy view.
Wisdom of ages crowned the brow of youth,
His word and walk the majesty of truth.
So calm, so brave, to heavenly spheres allied,
God-like he lived, and like himself he died.
Now earnest souls, bewildered in the blaze,
Forgot his life, compounding prayer and praise.
Thus missed the road of simple duties made;
Their lips extolled him, while their thoughts betrayed.
Too soon the craft of zealot and of knave,
Their "God's" good name from heathen scorn to save,
Fictitious tales and "pious frauds" conceived,
With warp of truth the woof of error weaved,
Till scarce a God in all the Pantheon,
But rivaled was by Mary's humble son.

"Surely, far more than simple man was he!
Who but the God could still the raging sea?
Or raise the dead? While we the marvel scan,
We shrink o'erawed, beholding the "God-man!"

Were, then, the twelve a dozen Gods on earth?
As well for them claim superhuman birth.
Found not, O youth, thy grandest hopes on base
Too small to span the experience of the race.
Why build with stones from fabled quarries brought?
That faith suspect which shakes not hands with thought.
Let Hindoos teach Avater's "transformations;"
Or Moslems boast of Prophet's "revelations."
By what fair rule once miracle receive,
Deny the moon fell down the Prophet's sleeve?
That back to heaven, with wondrous might and main,
The shining fragments he flung back again?
When I do yield my reason's wise defence,
What right remains to challenge aught with sense?
Of this, or that, no more cry out "absurd!"
No room gives miracle for such a word.
How can I know but God the actor here,
At tomb of saint, as Naim's orphan bier?
Or dost thou reason to show God the cause?
Not less do we who vindicate his laws.

Natural-born, plain Joseph's noble boy,
His mother's trial and his mother's joy;
Like other babes he drew the milky breast,
Chirpt his light glee, or nestled down to rest.
As other men to manhood's prime he grew,
Like others tempted and like others true;
No foreign stock engrafted on our own,
No hapless God sin-forced from off his throne.
"Not many works because of unbelief!"
Here read, as ever, nature first and chief.
He came obedient to the Master power,
Now launching globes, now painting the sweet flower.
In his great soul behold the amazing zone
Of moral grandeur slumbering in our own.
Imperial Newton, whose far-reaching mind
The earth held not, nor pathless heavens confined,
Wore not a jewel in his crown of thought,
But waits revealment in the Hottentot;
Just as the diamond's unapproached delight,
So deeply slumbers in the carbon's night;
Inwrought with each a principle of growth,
In man immortal, and innate in both;
So, in its rank, the lowliest form may rise—
Dun carbon glitter, and the boor surprise.
Boston, Feb., 1870.

DELINQUENTS, READ.—Non-paying subscribers are thus talked to by a Western editor, who expresses our sentiments exactly:

"Wagons cannot run without wheels, boats without water, bullocks jump without legs, or newspapers be carried on everlasting without money, no more than a dog can wag his tail when he has none. Our subscribers are all good, but what good does his goodness do when he don't do any good? We have no doubt that every one thinks they are all paid except him, and as we are c'ever fellows, and his account a little matter, it makes no difference."

Crystal Wedding.

A very large company of the relatives, neighbors and friends of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Smith, assembled at their residence on Jackson street, Tuesday evening, to offer their congratulations and good wishes on the occasion of the fifteenth anniversary of their marriage day. The presents, which were numerous and choice, gave abundant and unmistakable evidence of the respect and esteem in which this worthy couple are held. The evening was spent very pleasantly and harmoniously, and after a very elegant and bountiful repast, followed by instrumental and vocal music, all retired to their respective homes at a reasonable hour. In this connection we beg to tender our sincerest wish that the future of the wedded lives of Mr. and Mrs. S., may be as happy as in the past, and that they may live to participate in, not only their *china* and *silver*, but also their GOLDEN welding.—*Painesville Telegraph*.

The above complimentary and well deserved notice of our friends, we are happy to note in the *Telegraph*, and although unable to accept the kind invitation extended to us and ours, we heartily unite in the "congratulations and good wishes" proffered by the many friends of the happy couple on that occasion. Mr. Smith has been Conductor of the Painesville Lyceum since its organization, and his amiable wife a faithful worker in the same. Their soul-stirring music, eagerly sought for and appreciated by all who have ever heard them sing "The Wearing of the Green," or any of their favorite pieces, will long be remembered by a host of friends. The next evening after the "wedding" the young folks were invited, and near one hundred spent the evening joyously and merrily, as only young folks can.

We sincerely unite in the wish of the editor of the *Telegraph*, that this happy couple may live to have *silver, china* and GOLDEN weddings, and also that it may be our good fortune to attend them all. ||

Not a Clear Case—Modern Piety.

An illustration of skin-deep piety was given at Columbus, Ohio, a few days ago. Among the candidates for baptism in one of the churches was a colored man, who was immersed at the time he was invited to come forward. Upon this, two young ladies, who were waiting for their turn, positively and with much scorn refused to be immersed in the same water. Their objection was not to the man, but to his color, and there is no reason to believe they would have declined the waters if the brother had been white. We think the church did not lose anything, as the young ladies were evidently thinking more of themselves than of washing away their sins. Such piety as theirs is only skin deep, a sort of religion the world has had too much of already.—*Toledo Blade*.

We are inclined to think the ladies were in the right after all! The "baptistry" of a modern church seems to us a revolting arrangement to perpetrate an absurd ceremonial. In India, where under a sunnier sun a good ducking was always beneficial to a people who had no shirts, there was sense in the observance. But to warm a tank of water in a church, and then immerse people one after another in it, is more suggestive of skin diseases and mixed magnetisms, than of vital godliness.

We are Baptists, but can get no religion out of water some one else has bathed in. The colored gentleman may have been quite clean, but the ladies were right; though they are not to be credited for the good sense they seem to have had, if their only objection was to the color of the person with whom they were to float into "close communion." Let us be baptized; but always in clean water, and keep ourselves "unspotted from the world," by preserving our vital magnetisms from contamination by aught which is repugnant to our natural sense of purity. Thus we shall preserve that perfect cleanliness which is "next to godliness." §

WANTED TO BE CONFIRMED.—An old woman extremely anxious to be confirmed, was asked by the clergyman of her parish whether it was with a view to receive the sacrament and whether she understood the meaning and purport of confirmation? To which she answered, "Ay, why, no, sir; I can't say that I well do. But I've wanted mortal b'd to be confirmed, because I've a notion 'tis 'at as'll do my rheumat'z good!"

The Coming Man.

* * * * * The coming man has not refused to appear in any age. But his reception has never been flattering, his entry has never been triumphal. Alas, that his exit should have been so monotonous' ignominious and obscure. Sober y—what about the coming man? If he be living, if he has read history, if he has examined the past that he might forecast the future—must he not be aware indeed to come at all? For the faithful service expected he will reap denunciation and contumely, perhaps poverty and death. His motives will be impugned, his teachings misapprehended and misapplied, and his good name will be dragged down to the mire. With these things in view, we shall not much blame the "most popular man" for any delay in making his advent upon the stage of action.—*The Day, Phil.*

"The power to do imposes the obligation" and the true man or woman will not hesitate in work, because they know that all manner of cost will be the only recompence of doing good.

They who know the right and fail to speak it; who are competent to the good but fail to do it; who take counsel of their fear of consequence and let 'I would, wait upon I dare not,' are not the coming men and women at all, but mean, cowardly paltroons, who pause but to stagnate, demoralize and decay, as useless in their way as the fools who count martyrdom a virtue, and with a zeal beyond discretion precipitate themselves upon destruction, to the disgrace of a cause they can serve but as examples of folly. §

A NATURAL RELIGION.

"A religion mere spiritual will be discovered and acknowledged, a religion that money cannot give glory to, that creeds cannot define—a religion that needs no rites, no ceremonies—a religion without written laws, without commandments, without creeds—a religion too sacred to be spoken, too pure to be defiled, too generous to be judged, resting, upon no uncertain, outside standard of rectitude, upon no dogma of another, no purity of earthly life, no glory of earthly perfection—a religion that every soul possesses by natural endowment, not one more than another."

By Act of God.

A case was heard before the Superior Court of New York, on Monday, in which the plaintiff sued the proprietors of a wood-yard for damages for the loss of her husband who was in the habit of visiting the yard for the purpose of buying saw-dust. It seems that in passing through one of the lanes, through the piles of wood, in December, 1868, a pine fell on him and crushed him. The defendants claimed that the wood was properly piled; and there was no negligence on their part, but a severe frost, against which they could not guard, coming on and being followed by a thaw, the foundations unsettled, and the logs fell "by the act of God." The court charged that the defendants were bound to make their piles of lumber safe and secure against all ordinary results of the elements, which prudent men could avoid; that the defence of "act of God" was only available where no human agency intervened, and that the question for the jury was whether the defendants had placed the timber in such a manner as was prudent and careful. The jury rendered a verdict for plaintiff of \$2,000.

God, the original force, the primal energy, acts by natural law, which is his or its method, and an exposition of character. It is our duty and privilege to learn these laws, and our relations to them; thus becoming able to arrive at safety, harmony and happiness.

We are pleased to learn that in the courts as well as otherwise, the influence of a rational Spiritualism is becoming remarkable. Thus the ends of justice will be better satisfied, as the administration of law assimilates to the ruling of common sense, apart from the dicta of an absurd theology. §

CANADIAN INDIANS.—F. N. Blake, Esq., our Consul at Hamilton, Canada, has made an interesting report on the history, management and present condition of the Indians of British North America. This report strikingly concludes that integrity in dealing with the Indians is not only possible, but necessary.—*Daily Press.*

The Canadian Indian policy has been based on good sense and honesty, and they have peace and Indian progress. Ours on scoundrelism, and we have war, murder, monstrous expense, and the proposed "annihilation" of an interesting race. §